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Roses of Picardy

Frederic Edward Weatherly

Haydn Wood

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Maud L. Pettigree

Roses of Picardy

SONG



WORDS BY

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

MUSIC BY

HAYDN WOOD

ALSO PUBLISHED AS	
VOCAL DUET (FOR CONTRALTO AND BARITONE)	60
(FOR SOPRANO AND TENOR)	60
FEMALE OCTAVO (QUARTETTE FOR S.S.A.A.)	15
MIXED OCTAVO (QUARTETTE FOR S.A.T.B.)	15
MALE OCTAVO (QUARTETTE FOR T.T.B.B.)	15
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ROSES OF PICARDY.

Song.

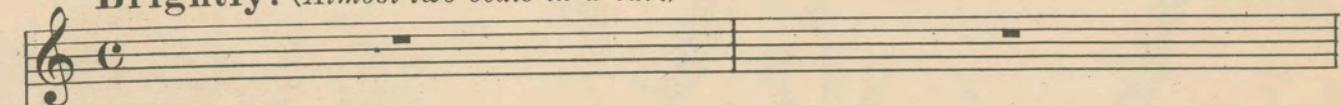
Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.
Ukulele arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

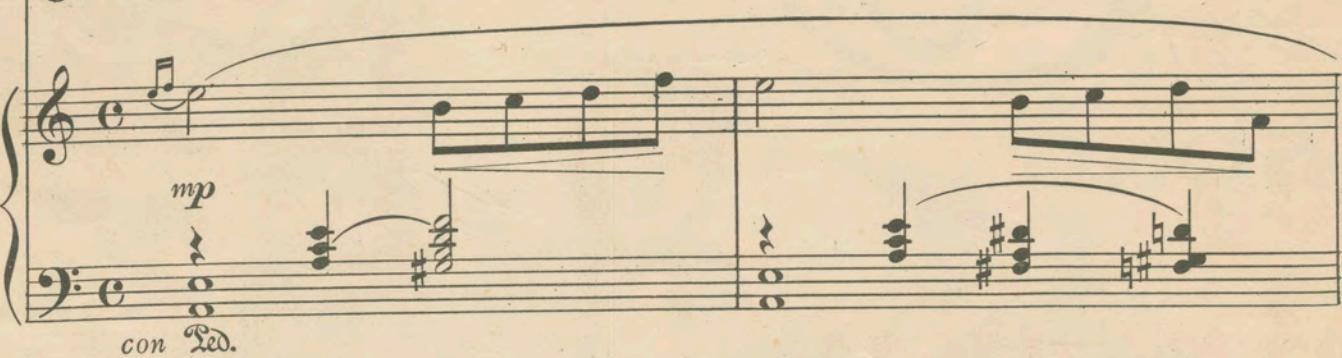
Music by
HAYDN WOOD.

Brightly. (*Almost two beats in a bar.*)

VOICE.



PIANO.



She is watch - ing by the



pop - lars, Col - in - ette with the sea - blue eyes, She is



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watch - ing and long - ing and wait - ing Where the long white road - way
colla voce.

lies. And a song stirs in the si - lence, As the

p poco meno mosso.
 wind in the boughs a - bove, She lis - tens and starts and
p poco meno mosso.

poco rit.
 trem - bles, 'Tis the first lit - tle song of love:-
poco rit.

4

pp Slowly.

"Ro - ses are shin - ing in Pi - car - dy, in the hush of the sil - ver

Slowly.

pp

dew, Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi - car - dy, but there's

mf

nev - er a rose like you! And the ro - ses will die with the

p

sum-mer-time, and our roads may be far a - part, But there's

cresc.

cresc.

5

poco largamente.

one rose that dies not in Pi-car-dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my

f poco larg.

rit.

heart!"

Tempo primo.

And the

years fly on for ev - er, Till the sha - dows veil their skies, But he

loves to hold her lit - tle hands, And look in her sea - blue eyes. And she

colla voce.

sees the road by the pop - lars, Where they met in the by - gone
 years, For the first lit - tle song of the ro - ses Is the
 last lit - tle song she hears:- "Ro - ses are shin' - ing in
 Pi - ear - dy, in the hush of the sil - ver dew,

poco meno mosso.
poco meno mosso.
poco rit.
pp Slowly.
colla voce.
poco rit.
pp Slowly.

mf

Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi - car - dy, but there's nev - er a rose like
you! And the ro - ses will die with the sum-mer-time, and our

p

f *poco largamente.*

roads may be far a - part, But there's one rose that dies not in

cresc. *f poco larg.*

rit. *ff* *a tempo.*

Pi - car - dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!"

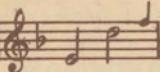
colla voce. *ff a tempo.*

C. 6929

Two Sensational Ballad Successes

By The Composer of
"Roses Of Picardy"

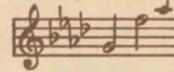
No.1 in F



No.2 in G



No.3 in A♭



A Brown Bird Singing Song

Words by
ROYDEN BARRIE

Andante moderato



Music by
HAYDN WOOD

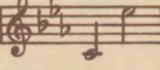
All through the night there's a little brown bird singing, Sing-ing in the hush of the dark-ness and the dew,
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.
Would that his song through the stillness could go winging,
Could go winging to you, to you.

All through the night time my lonely heart is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew,
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,
Could go a-winging to you, to you.

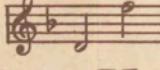
All through the night time my lonely heart is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.

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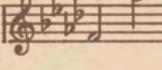
No.1 in E♭



No.2 in F



No.3 in A♭



I Look Into Your Garden Song

Words by
CHARLES WILMOTT

Moderato



Music by
HAYDN WOOD

I look in-to your gar-den ev'-ry morn-ing as I pass, When the sum-mer morn is dawn-ing and the
dew is on the grass;

But with all its glowing roses and its perfumes rich and rare,

It's a wilderness to me, dear, for I do not see you there.

I look into your garden when the ev'ning shadows fall,
When the flow'rs are closed in slumber and the birds have ceased to call;
But though all is grey and shadowed and no perfume scents the air,
It's a paradise to me, dear, for I see you waiting there,
And I thank God for your love, dear, when I meet and kiss you there.

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